

I'll drown by MoskaFleur

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Summary:

It's right after Ben and Bev's wedding. Everyone's enjoying themselves and Eddie is feeling fine. Nothing to be anxious about. Nothing at all.

I'll drown

Author's Note:

So, this is based on a twitter thread I improvised a week ago or so. I have no excuse, this shit comes to mind and I write it. It's more fun doing it directly on twitter because I have this unspoken rule that once you've written something down and posted it, you cannot delete it or change it. You have to continue. And so, I do this threads sometimes throughout the day and people interact with them. This helps to see what people like or don't like. Not that it matters because in the end, it is what it is and I'm not about to sell my soul to Satan. But subconsciously, it helps. And the results are fun, I think.

It's not like writting a fic, though. It's more direct, simple, precise. But it does the trick. Sometimes that works well with the format. The reason I'm posting it here too is because I don't wanna lose it. I have edited it because I wanted to add a couple of things that I liked, but I didn't intend to change its structure, because that's its soul.

Anyway, just read my shit xd

Also, the title is based on this song that I love: "I'll drown, by Sóley" <https://youtu.be/rxlWmBVGB5g>

Eddie probably doesn't drink. Except in special occasions. Ben and Bev's wedding might be one of those. And he allows himself a couple of drinks, nothing too strong but manly enough that Richie won't tease him about it.

Richie, though, Richie's hammered. And has been "dancing" around all night, if you can call THAT dancing. With Bev, mostly. But when she leaves him to dance with Ben, he sits next to Eddie, who hasn't danced with anyone because, why the hell would he?

He just broke off his marriage, he's not ready to mingle. He's eyed some women here, sure, but all of them are a no-go and even if that wasn't the case, he just can't bring himself to start something new all over again. He doesn't want to share his life story, and he doesn't want to feel obliged to care about someone else's. He wants to start something new with himself and for himself. He's also tired and he feels old.

But Richie is laughing like crazy at something he said himself and Eddie hasn't heard, because the music is too loud and it's late. Weddings at night, who thought that was a good idea anyway? The room is too crowded for his taste and he's been trying not to analyse all possible hazard waiting to happen.

They're sitting in front of their dinner table, chairs long offset to more strategic places closer to the dancefloor. They both share a look he can't descypher. Eddie guesses Richie has realised he didn't hear him and proceeds to lean in to repeat the joke. He then imitates 'drunk Bev' and. Yeah, okay, it is funny. Eddie chuckles and hits Richie lightly on the chest with the back of his hand.

Richie laughs way too much considering it's him who told the joke but Eddie likes it. It's refreshing. He's missed this. He finds himself smiling too. His gaze is on the dance floor though, where Ben and Bev are dancing with some people they don't know.

He doesn't know where Stan went. Bill is in a corner desperately looking for an escape, while listening to a couple complaining about his books. To his face. *Ouch*. Mike's trying to mingle with the croud, getting to know people. Good for him. He needs more friends.

He can feel eyes on him. Richie's. Dark blue, maybe dark grey. Like some kind of stormy ocean. Still sitting beside him. He turns to him and nods in question and Richie just shrugs. Exaggeratedly, because he's drunk. But he smiles fondly at him, or so Eddie thinks because who knows how much is registering in Richie's brain at the moment. He'll tease him about it tomorrow.

His eyes try to meet Eddie's but he seems to be too drunk for that because they can't stay locked, they tend to look down every few seconds.

Eddie feels his hands sweaty. It's hot in the room. It's a big room but the lighting, the music, all the people moving around. They've also been here for 4 hours if not more. And the damn suit.

He's suffocating.

He tears his eyes away from Richie's, pats him on the knee and gets up so fast he almost falls forward. He's drunker than he thought. *This is great*. He needs air. Richie gets up too and follows him. Why is he following him? Why *shouldn't* he? Maybe he needs air too.

Eddie doesn't wanna get out. *At night? And being drunk?* Someone might rob him. He just needs a minute away from the loud music and the crowded people. So he gets to the emergency stairs inside the building. Just a moment alone.

But he can feel Richie behind him, he doesn't even need to turn around, it's like a fucking aura. That and the fact that the door doesn't click shut when it should've. Someone's holding it open.

"Where are you going" Richie asks.

Eddie doesn't turn. There's no need to turn around. He knows it's Richie. Why would he invest in such a complicated move while drunk and about to descend some stairs just to... what, acknowledge his friend? Pal, comrade, buddy, colleague, *partner*.

No, wait-

"I just need some air"

"Some good ol' puke-air you gonna get from here then"

"Can you just gimme a minute, Rich? I'll join you in a minute"

Then silence. Richie is still there.

"I'm sorry, it's not- I wasn't gonna- fuck. Shit, fuck-" his friend says.

And Richie is gone now. The door clicking behind him.

Oh, wow. Eddie's brain is loud. He's not actually thinking about anything in particular, it's just loud.

He breathes in. Then out. Then he goes back the way he came from, joining the crowded ballroom under the flashing lights. With his suffocating suit.

This is fine. He just needs a shot. He gets one and chugs it down like a champion. His brain supplies how proud Richie'd be if he'd seen him. *Shut up, brain.* Oh, that burned. Fantastic, he needs another one of those. Or five.

Stan stops him, by grabbing at his arm, before he goes for a fourth one. A questioning look in his eyes '*what happened*', Eddie reads.

"I don't know" he responds weakly.

"Where's Richie?" Eddie hesitates.

"I don't know"

"He went after you earlier"

Eddie nods, his eyes not leaving the shot glass in his hand, still half-raised. Stan just stares at him. Like he's trying to solve some puzzle.

Eddie speaks then. "I had... this- I mean, It's not- Something happened, but not really. I'm not sure it happened. Maybe I'm making it up?" He supplies as a final answer, and looks at Stan and grimaces.

"And I'm supposed to be the cryptic one" Stan replies, with a small knowing smile.

Eddie shakes his head. "Look, it's nothing, forget I said anything"

"What did he do?" Stan presses.

"Nothing" Eddie responds avoiding his eyes and far too quickly to be

sincere.

"Then why are you being weird?" Stan knows. He always knows. *Clever fucker.*

Stan looks at something behind him, and Eddie takes this opportunity to take the shot now that Stan is distracted, and then turns to see Richie going for the exit.

He turns again to Stan but he's already gone. *How the fuck did he do that?*

Eddie needs to sit down. He could talk to Richie tomorrow. They're just too drunk probably, that's all.

Instead he goes straight for the exit.

He's walking fast but he's not really running, is he? *Of course not, that'd be weird.* He trips on a loose tile but doesn't fall, because that'd be so pathetic and anticlimatic. Richie's about to get into an Uber to their hotel, when Eddie runs out the exit gates.

The noise he's made is so loud Richie turns to him and stays frozen. So does Eddie. Speaking of anticlimatic.

Eddie can't breathe. But he can walk.

And so he walks down the stairs and gets into the car without saying a word, with Richie still holding his own door half open. Then Richie joins him. And neither say a word.

Eddie realises half way that he didn't tell anyone he was leaving. Richie probably did while he was getting drunker. He's looking out the window like there's anything worth looking at outside at the moment. Like he can tell one shape from another with the car moving.

Then he feels eyes on him yet again. But he can't bring himself to turn around. He's fucking terrified of what he'll find in them. He can feel his heartbeat in his ears. He's going to die at the age of 40 in a

fucking uber from a heart attack. And drunk.

They reach their destination and they both silently walk into the hotel. The lights are dim, something he's grateful for.

Richie calls the elevator and they wait. The lobby has a sound system and soft jazz music is playing. Eddie side-glances at Richie, who's got his hands in his pockets. He lost his tie somewhere in the party and his jacket is unbuttoned. He'd look tired if his posture didn't indicate he might as well have a broom up his ass.

Richie turns to him like he felt Eddie's gaze but Eddie is quicker and turns to look at front right before being noticed. '*What are you doing, you stupid fuck?*' his brain whispers.

When the elevator arrives, they get in and Richie's floor happens to be the one right below Eddie's.

In trying to calm his heartbeat, Eddie sighs. Too loudly. And Richie spins to stare at him but he doesn't say anything.

He doesn't think Richie's been *this* quiet *this* long ever in his life. He might be about to burst into flames or something. That thought guides him to safer ones about risks. And he let's his mind wonder if there are enough fire extinguishers in this floor. And what they could do if a fire where to start in the elevator. Then his brain slaps himself and he's back.

They pass a few floors and Richie is still looking at him. Eddie doesn't know what's going on anymore, why he is doing what he's doing.

He does know, though. Right, Eddie?

They get to Richie's floor and Richie doesn't move. Neither does Eddie. Eddie knows he has a few seconds before the doors close again. So he looks at Richie and meets his eyes for the first time in half an hour. He wants to say he doesn't see anything in them. But it'd be a lie.

There's longing. And fuck if that doesn't scare the shit out of him. *When did this happen? This isn't new, is it? No, it isn't.* He wonders what Richie sees in his.

Whatever he sees might be enough of an answer because he then turns and walks out of the elevator before muttering: "G' night, Eds"

And the doors are closing in front of him. Again. So he does what any reasonable person would and sticks his arm between them, right on time so they open again and he gets out. Richie heard it, because there's no human way of doing that and still look dignified.

They look at each other as Eddie approaches Richie, who is already by his door.

"You can't just- you can't just do that and leave" Oh, look, Eddie can speak.

"I didn't do anything" Richie says defensively, like he's being accused of something horrible.

"Yes, you did and you know it"

"I said I was sorry, I don't- I just... drunk too much, okay?"

"You don't really think that, do you?" It's meant to sound hostile because Eddie is nervous and confused and scared shitless, but it sounds like a plead.

Richie makes a pause and his head drops tiredly, his eyes scanning the hideous carpet of the corridor. "No, I don't"

Eddie feels a weight in his chest. He can't breathe. He's going to die in a hotel corridor at the age of 40 and drunk. From a heart attack.

"What is this?" Eddie gestures between both of them frenetically.

"For you or for me?" Richie replies and he sounds tired and sad. And Eddie thinks that's the worst Richie Tozier he's ever seen and he hates it. But not him.

Eddie takes the last few steps towards him and now they're face to face, as the great Dave Chappelle once said: "you're too close, man".

And then Eddie suddenly grows some balls. "Would you have done it if I had stayed?"

"No" Richie replies, like it's obvious, simple.

And Eddie feels like there's still an ocean between them. Inscrutable. "Why not"

Richie lifts his head and looks at him but he still can't maintain eye-contact for too long. "Because I'm a coward"

Eddie replies before he can think of something better to say. Because he's drunk and his filter is faltering. "Me too"

And the implications of that answer shake Eddie's insides.

Eddie isn't sure who acts first but his hands grab Richie's lapels and tug him down eye-to-eye level. So, it was probably him. And Richie wasn't expecting it. The movement is so violent, their noses crash against each other and it hurts.

But if Eddie could breathe at the moment, they'd be breathing the same air and their eyes are not quite closed yet. Eddie thinks he's very drunk. They both are and this is probably a bad idea. An awful one. But the closer they are, the more shallow that ocean appears and it's so clear.

Whatever this is, he can't just forget in the morning. Because he's been suffocating since the moment Richie sat down next to him about an hour ago in the ballroom.

Eddie winces at his own thoughts and stops trying to resist. "Do it, Rich, fucking do-" Before he can finish the sentence, Richie's lips are against his. And it's not chaste. He's not being polite, he's not testing the waters. He's ravishing him and Eddie kisses back just as fiercely. The kiss is so intense he almost falls backwards, but Richie is holding

him close and Eddie craves him.

Richie pushes him against the door to his room and fumbles with the card to open it. Eddie's hand finds Richie's and sets it straight so it's not shaking, but he doesn't stop kissing him. He can't. And the moment the door opens Eddie grabs the back of Richie's neck and plunges his tongue into his mouth.

Richie's hands are everywhere and nowhere at the same time. He kicks the door shut as they stumble into the dark room. Eddie hits a bag that's laying on the floor, and Richie's hip, a table. But Richie is taking Eddie's jacket off and he doesn't give a shit.

Eddie's lips are so swollen and red from kissing Richie that it actually looks like he has lips. That's when it hits him. Richie's tongue is in his mouth. He has his tongue in Richie's. And clothes are being thrown around the room like they're 25 and not 40.

Richie fumbles with the buttons of his shirt in the dark, and suddenly he hates buttons. *Fuck*, they're really gonna do this.

The fact that he can't see anything turns him on even more. Richie keeps pushing Eddie towards what he assumes is the bed. And, 'yes', the back of his thighs hit it, *'that's a bed'*. And Eddie falls on it.

He tries to sit up but Richie is on him in an instant.

"I hate this shirt, you shouldn't wear anything with buttons. Actually, never wear anything ever again, maybe" he whispers against his throat, his voice too far gone.

And Richie's hips move against his and *oh. Oh. That's a dick. Alright.*

"This is crazy" Eddie whispers back, but his hands never leave Richie's hips and sides. One of them, feeling bold on his own, ventures lower and caresses Richie's buttcheek, causing Richie to moan in his mouth and Eddie's dick twitches.

Another moan escapes his lips when Richie moves his hips again.

"Crazy? Crazy is you pulling that shit earlier when we could've been doing this instead" Richie bites back.

"Maybe if you had kissed me" he's not even angry anymore but he needs to protest because otherwise he'll keep moaning. Richie bites his lip in response.

The taller man finally manages to take Eddie's shirt off and works faster on getting rid of his own. Eddie looks up at Richie towering over him, shirtless and has a mini heart attack. But it's all good because he can breathe now. And they're both sweaty and the movements are not as coordinated as they could be, because of the alcohol but it's good. *So good.* He's never been this hard in his life.

Richie leans on the bed, arms at Eddie's sides and just looks at him like he just found the fucking Holy Grail. And Eddie doesn't like that because it makes him feel vulnerable.

"What" he says.

"I love you" Richie blurts out. And there's no hesitation in his drunken words. Eddie's stomach tightens. He grabs his face and kisses him hard on the lips again, bringing Richie down with him and hugging him for dear life.

He doesn't ask '*how long*', '*why*'... Because it feels like he already knows the answers and yet he never did anything about it. It's like everything had been hidden in that dark and deep ocean until Richie did that tonight.

And that thought hurts. So he kisses Richie harder. And wetter.

Richie's hands are on Eddie's trousers. Unzipping them and then tugging them down. Richie's go, too. They can barely see each other, but the street lights coming through the window help with the task at hand.

His hands run around Richie's arms and shoulders and Richie is kissing the crook of his neck. He thinks he's going to die. Drunk and almost naked. At the age of 40. From being too horny.

Richie is now kissing down his chest and stomach and Eddie tugs at his hair, and it's soft and sweaty and he doesn't even care. He feels hot in all the right places. Richie's glasses are gone, he doesn't even

know where they went.

He feels Richie's lips and tongue below his navel, his hands peeling off his underwear and oh god. That's the hottest thing he's ever felt in his life.

Richie's mouth engulves him and he sees stars. His hands are tugging at Richie's hair and neck, and he can feel his head bobbing up and down and he fights the urge to move him at a faster pace. He thinks he's gonna lose his mind.

"Fuck, Rich- Rich. Oh my god-"

Richie's hands are keeping his thighs apart and oh fuck he can feel Richie's nose against his pelvis, *that's- that's a lot to take in. Literally.*

He chuckles and Richie looks at him, like saying: '*WHAT'S SO FUNNY, ASSHOLE?*'

And he realises it's like they just switched roles for a second. And Richie's eyes on him, stormy and wild like the ocean, are boring a hole into his soul somehow. He wouldn't mind drowning in them.

He hears himself say "I love you too".

The only reason his hand doesn't go straight to cover his mouth after blurting that out is because it's still on Richie's hair. Where it belongs at the moment. And Richie moves so fast Eddie thinks he's fainting on him but instead Richie kisses him.

He doesn't think about tasting himself in Richie's mouth, because he's smiling into the kiss instead.

Author's Note:

The original thread: <https://twitter.com/MoskaFleur/status/1198350340602695681?s=20>